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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Queen Mab. By Percy Bysshe Shelley.
London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 182.

The mixture of sorrow, indignation, and loathing, with which this volume has overwhelmed us, will, we fear, deprive us of the power of expressing our sentiments upon it, in the manner best suited to the subject itself, and to the effect which we wish our criticism to have upon society. Our desire is to do justice to the writer's genius, and upon his principles: not to deny his powers, while we deplore their perversion; and above all, when we lay before our readers the examples of his poetry, to warn them against the abominable and infamous contagion with which in the sequel he poisons these splendid effusions. We have doubted whether we ought to notice this book at all; and if our silence could have prevented its being disseminated, no allusion to it should ever have stained the *Literary Gazette*. But the activity of the vile portion of the press, is too great to permit this hope*. and on weighing every consideration presented to our minds, we have come to the conclusion to lay, as far as we are able, the bane and antidote before the public. *Queen Mab* has long been in limited and private circulation, as a duodecimo; and the first two or three cantos, under the title of *The Demon of the World*, were reprinted at the end of a poem called *Alastor*; as was also the principal note against Christianity in a detached pamphlet. Though the hellish ingredients, therefore, are now for the first time brought together into one cauldron, they have, like those of the evil beings in *Macbeth*, previously disgusted the world in forms of separate obscenity.

We have spoken of Shelley's genius, and it is doubtless of a high order; but when we look at the purposes to which it is directed, and contemplate the infernal character of all its efforts, our souls revolt with tenfold horror at the energy it exhibits, and we feel as if one of the darkest of the fiends had been clothed with a human body, to enable him to gratify his enmity against the human race, and as if the supernatural atrocity of his hate were only heightened by his power to do injury. So strongly has this impression dwelt upon our minds, that we absolutely asked a friend who had seen this individual, to describe him to us—as if a cloven foot, or horn, or flames from the mouth, must have marked the external appearance

* As this is a book of so blasphemous a nature, as to have no claim to the protection of copy-right; it may be published by Scoundrels at all prices, to destroy the moral feeling of every class of the community. In the present instance the author has not, we imagine, been consulted.

of so bitter an enemy to mankind. We were almost disappointed to learn that the author was only a tall, boyish looking man, with eyes of unearthly brightness, and a countenance of the wildest cast: that he strode about with a hurried and impatient gait, and that a perturbed spirit seemed to preside over all his movements. It is not then in his outward semblance but in his inner man, that the explicit demon is seen; and it is a frightful supposition, that his own life may have been a fearful commentary upon his principles†—principles, which in the balance of law and justice, happily deprived him of the superintendence of his infants, while they plunged an unfortunate wife and mother into ruin, prostitution, guilt, and suicide.

Such, alas! are the inevitable consequences of the fatal precepts enforced in this publication, which spares not one grace, one good, one ornament, nor one blessing, that can ameliorate our lot on earth; which wages exterminating war against all that can refine, delight or improve human kind; which ridicules every thing that can contribute to our happiness here, and boldly tries to crush every hope that could point to our happiness hereafter.

As we shall, however, have to say something of these matters in detail, we shall now turn to the review of *Queen Mab*.

The rhythm is of that sort which Mr. Southey employed so forcibly in his *Thalaba*, and other poems; and it is no mean praise to observe, that in his use of it, Mr. Shelley is not inferior to his distinguished predecessor. The first Canto opens with great beauty, in the same way as *Thalaba*.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins

† We are aware, that ordinary criticism has little or nothing to do with the personal conduct of authors; but when the most horrible doctrines are promulgated with appalling force, it is the duty of every man to expose, in every way, the abominations to which they irresistibly drive their odious professors. We declare against receiving our social impulses from a destroyer of every social virtue; our moral creed, from an incestuous wretch; or our religion, from an atheist, who denied God, and reviled the purest institutes of human philosophy and divine ordination, did such a demon exist.

Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?
Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber

Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morn'g
Chaseth into darkness?
Will I awake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain

That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:

'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:

Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moon-beams when they fall
Through some cathedral window; but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the Queen of Spells drew in,
She spread a charm around the etheral car,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

Oh! not the visioned poet in his dreams,
When silvery clouds float through the withered
brain,

When every sigh, of lovely, wild, and grand,
Astonishes, enraptures, elevates,
When fancy, at a glance, combines
The wondrous and the beautiful,—
So bright, so fair, so wild a shape

Hath ever yet beheld,
As that which reined the coursers of the air,
And poured the magic of her gaze
Upon the maiden's sleep.

The broad and yellow moon
Shone dimly through her form—
That form of faultless symmetry;
The pearly and pellucid car
Moved not the moonlight's line:
'Twas not an earthly pageant:
Those who had looked upon the sight,
Passing all human glory,
Saw not the yellow moon,

Saw not the mortal scene,
Heard not the night-wind's rush,
Heard not an earthly sound,
Saw but the fairy pageant,
Heard but the heavenly strains
That filled the lonely dwelling.

The Fairy's frame was slight, yon fibrous cloud,
That catches but the palest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight; but the fair star
That gems the glittering coronet of morn,
Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,
As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,
Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,
Yet with an undulating motion,
Swayed to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car
The Fairy Queen descended,
And thrice she waved her wand,
Circled with wreaths of amaranth:
Her thin and misty form
Moved with the moving air,
And the clear silver tones,
As thus she spoke, were such
As are unheard by all but gifted ear.

This is genuine poetry; and in an almost equal strain does the author proceed through forty pages, when he lapses into metaphysics of the worst kind, and becomes at once prosaic and unintelligible. The story, or vehicle for spreading his atrocious opinions, is thus framed. Mab releases the soul of Ianthe from her body, and they pass together, namely, the spirit and the fairy, to an empyreal region, where the mortal globe is made to submit its elements to the enquiry of the freed soul, and the superior being explains, according to Mr. Shelley's ideas, the depravity of the existing system, and shapes out a new moral, or rather immoral world, in millennial perspective. Of course, the spirit is delighted to find that there are to be no restraints on the passions, no laws to curb vice, no customs to mark with reprobation the grossest indulgence in sensuality and crime: that in the renovated order, chastity in women, and honour in men, are to be unknown or despised: and in fine, that in the perfected creation there are to be no statesmen, no priests, no king, no God!

The pure enlightened spirit of Ianthe then returns instructed to its corporeal frame, and finds some Henry kneeling by her bedside, to begin the practice of these holy precepts.

The ascent to the visionary abode of Mab is however a piece of splendid composition.

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded;
The silver clouds parted;
And as the car of magic they ascended,
Again the speechless music swelled,
Again the coursers of the air
Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen
Shaking the beamy reins
Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on—
The night was fair, and countless stars
Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peeped the first faint smile of morn:—
The magic car moved on—
From the celestial hoofs.

The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,

Was traced a line of lightning.
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay.

The mirror of its stillness shewed
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the grey light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.

Seemed it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite colour,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.

As they approached their goal

The coursers seemed to gather speed;
The sea no longer was distinguished; earth
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere;

The sun's unclouded orb
Rolled through the black concave;
Its rays of rapid light

Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.

Earth's distant orb appeared.

The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;

Whilst round the chariot's way

Innumerable systems rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.

It was a sight of wonder: some
Were horned like the crescent moon;
Some shed a mild and silver beam
Like Hesperus o'er the western sea;
Some dash'd athwart with trains of flame,
Like worlds to death and ruin driven;
Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,
Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature! here!
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple:

Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
Is less instinct with thee:

Yet not the meanest worm
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead
Less shares thy eternal breath.

Spirit of Nature! thou!
Imperishable as this scene,
Here is thy fitting temple.

Thus ends the first Canto; and the second opens in nearly as sublime a strain; but speedily degenerates into affectation and bombast. New-coined words, and a detail in what may well be styled nonsense verses succeed, and the author becomes what he would call "meaningless," ever and anon exclaiming, "how wonderful," as if he were himself surprised at his own absurdities. The mosaic account of creation is, as might be anticipated, treated with ridicule; and we are given to understand that instead of an Almighty Providence, the Creator of the Universe with all the "rolling orbs," was a certain power whose appellation is NECESSITY. The attributes of this Necessity are

not very definite; but Mr. Shelley supposes it is enough to know and to believe that they were the cause of all nature, and are the universal soul of his precious system. And this leads us to Canto 3, in which the present wickedness and future destiny of man are unfolded. Were it turned to aught but the vilest of purposes, there might be much of excellent writing selected from this part; with which, as we have already noticed, the beauty of the poem as a poem dies. For example, the following reflections on the instability of sublunary things is finely shaped to draw a virtuous moral from; but the author only lays it as the foundation for his engine to cast a fiercer desolation among mankind.

Where is the fame

Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternize? Oh! the faintest sound
From time's light footfall, the minutest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing.
The unsubstantial bubble. Ay! to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes!
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past; that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on that arm
The worm has made his mark.

We shall now quote what appears to us to be the noblest piece of poetry which the author ever imagined; and having done him that justice, refrain from further example, except in so far as may be necessary to show, that however gifted with talents, he has only heaped coals of fire upon his head by their perversion, and is a writer to be shunned, loathed, and execrated by every virtuous mind, as dangerous to the ignorant and weak, hateful to the lovers of social felicity, and an enemy to all that is valuable in life, or hopeful in eternity. The passage alluded to follows.

How beautiful this night! the balmy night,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this motionless scene. Heaven's ebony
vault,

Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,

Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled
steep,

Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower.
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace:—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of carthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,

In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
Stirs o'er the unrolled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;

Tempest unfold its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the piteous
fiend,

With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The toin dead yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red
smoke

Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers
round!

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening
peals

In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb:
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the
shout,

The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage:—loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the
scene,

And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sun-set there;
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of
clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous
smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of
blood

Even to the forest's depth, and scatter'd arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dread-
ful path
Of the outslaying victors: far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the
day,

Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

We are afraid that we may be obnoxious
to censure, for giving nearly all the brilliant
parts of this poem, as they may excite a
desire to peruse the whole: but our object
in so doing (besides that truth demands it,
and that we cannot help indulging a slight
hope that the fiend-writer may yet be struck
with repentance) is, that in our pages all
that curiosity could long for might be grati-
fied, and the impious volume whence we
derive these extracts, be allowed to fall into
oblivion, with all its deep pollutions and
horrid blasphemies. For having selected the
poetical beauties from the first four cantos,
we have now, at page 42, reached the doc-
trinal inculcations of the author, which are
heavy and inexplicable, having nothing to
recommend them, if their heresies do not;
nothing to induce any one to read them, un-
less he is prompted by a desire to see how
daringly, as well as stupidly, a man can out-
rage every good feeling of the human heart,

try to make life a chaos of sin and misery,
and fling his filth against Omnipotence. But
even if there are those whose curiosity would
prompt to this, let them, we adjure them,
be satisfied with what follows. The fairy
instilling her poisons, thus speaks of that
balm of afflicted souls, the Christian faith—

Twin-sister of religion, selfishness!
Rival in crime and falsehood, saping all
The wanton horrors of her bloody play.

How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar!
The weight of his exterminating curse,
How light! and his affected charity,
To suit the pressure of the changing times,
What palpable deceit!—but for thy aid,
Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend,
Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves!
Thou taintest all thou lookest upon.*

And what substitute have we for piety,
good-will to man, religion, and a God? The
answer of this incarnate driveller is, a

Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing Power,
Necessity! thou mother of the world!
Unlike the God of human error, thou
Requirest no prayers or praises; the caprice
Of man's weak will belongs no more to thee
Than do the changeful passions of his breast
To thy unvarying harmony: the slave,
Whose horrible lusts spread misery o'er the
world,

And the good man, who lifts, with virtuous pride,
His being, in the sight of happiness,
That springs from his own works; the poison-
tree,

Beneath whose shade all life is withered up,
And the fair oak, whose leafy dome affords
A temple where the vows of happy love
Are registered, ere equal in thy sight:
No love, no hate thou cherishest; revenge
And favoritism, and worst desire of fame
Thou knowest not: all that the wide world con-
tains

Are but thy passive instruments, and thou
Regardst them all with an impartial eye,
Whose joy or pain thy nature cannot feel,
Because thou hast not human sense,
Because thou art not human mind.

The utter annihilation of every enjoyment
which man can have on earth—the black
catalogue of woes, to which so dreadful a
creed as this must tend—the blank and dis-
maying prospect which it opens to the re-
volting sense—all the idiocy of its concep-
tion, and all the villany of its avowal—deprive
us of words to speak our detestation of its
author. But the blaster of his race stops
not here: in the very next page—we tremble
while we transcribe it—he desperately, in-
sensibly asserts—

"THERE IS NO GOD."

Miserable wretch! Pity pleads for thee;
and contempt, disgust, and horror, are tem-
pered by compassion for thy wretched infir-
mity of mind. But an overwhelming passion
rises when we gaze on the hideous blasphemy
of thy more prolix commentary on this de-
testable text. We hardly dare copy it; but
it is our duty to show to what monstrous
extent the author carries his impious pro-
fanation.

* This is the beginning of the mixture of
poetry, bombast, and blasphemy, entitled an Ode
to Superstition, in "Alastor."

The name of God
Has fenced about all crime with holiness,
Himself the creature of his worshippers,
Whose names, and attributes, and passions
change,
Seeva, Buddha, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,
Even with the human dapes who build his
shrines,

Still serving o'er the war-polluted world
For desolation's watch-word; whether hosts
Stain his death-blushing chariot-wheels, as on
Triumphantly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise
A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans;
Or countless partners of his powers divide
His tyranny to weakness; or the smoke
Of burning towns, the cries of female helples-
ness,

Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy,
Horribly massacred, ascend to heaven
In honour of his name; or, last and worst,
Earth groans beneath religion's iron age,
And priests dare babble of a God of peace.

We cannot proceed: pages of raving
atheism, even more atrocious than what we
have quoted, follow; and the blasphemous
revels in all the pruriency of his disordered
and diabolical fancy. For men like the
writer, when they are known to exist, there
are no terms of infamy sufficiently strong.
We may therefore say, in the mild language
of Bentley, that as "no atheist, as such,
can be a true friend, an affectionate relation,
or a loyal subject," we leave to his con-
science, at some awakened hour, this con-
temner of every thing that is good,—this
sapper of every thing that is sacred,—this
demoniac proscriber of his species, and in-
solent insulter of his Maker.

To observe that extreme madness* and
contradiction are notorious in every para-
graph, is not enough; it is the bounden duty
of those to whom the conservation of pub-
lic morals is entrusted, to prohibit the sale
of this pernicious book—

Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,
And turn God's fury from an impious age.

It is hardly worth while to ask how a
theorist of Mr. Shelley's class would act in
the relations between man and man.* It can
hardly be doubted but his practice would
square with his principles; and he calculated
to disturb all the harmonies of nature. A
disciple following his tenets, would not hesi-
tate to debauch, or, after debauching, to
abandon any woman: to such, it would be
a matter of perfect indifference to rob a
confiding father of his daughters, and inces-
tuously to live with all the branches of a
family whose morals were ruined by the
damned sophistry of the seducer; to such it

* Ex. gr. the following jargon:—

"Throughout this varied and eternal world
Soul is the only element, the block
That for uncounted ages has remained.
The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight
Is active, living spirit. Every grain
Is sentient both in unity and part,
And the minutest atom comprehends
A world of loves and hatreds; those beget
Evil and good: hence truth, and falsehood
spring;
Hence will, and thought, and action, all the
germs
Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,
That variegates the eternal universe."

would be sport to tell a deserted wife to obtain with her pretty face support by prostitution; and, when the unhappy maniac sought refuge in self-destruction, to laugh at the fool while in the arms of associate strumpets. For what are the ties of nature, what are the pangs of humanity, to them? They are above the idle inventions of tyrants and priests—the worthless restrictions of “morals, law, and custom,”—the delusions of virtue, and the ordinances of a deity. The key to their heaven is in the annexed lines.

“Then, that sweet bondage which is freedom’s self,

And rivets with sensation’s softest tie
The kindred sympathies of human souls,
Needed no fetters of tyrannic law:
Those delicate and timid impulses
In nature’s primal modesty arose,
And with undoubting confidence disclosed
The growing longings of its dawning love,
Unchecked by dull and selfish chastity,
That virtue of the cheaply virtuous,
Who pride themselves in senselessness and frost.
No longer prostitution’s venom’d bane
Poisoned the springs of happiness and life;
Woman and man, in confidence and love,
Equal, and free, and pure, together trod.”

Promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, and individual “courage of soul,” to despise every thing but the gratification of its own appetites: this is the millennium promised by the votaries of Shelley, and the worshippers of the god Necessity!

The notes are worthy of the poem; and it is said that those distinguished by an *fr* are the production of a noble lord, who once lived in unrestrained intimacy with the author, and partook of the pleasures of his free mode of testifying to the sincerity of his professed opinions. One of these is a dialogue between Vice and Falsehood; very proper interlocutors, for Falsehood says—

“I brought my daughter, Religion, on earth:
She smothered Reason’s babes in their birth;
But dreaded their mother’s eye severe,—
So the crocodile slunk off sily in fear,
And loosed her bloodhounds from the den.

Brother, well:—the world is ours;
And whether thou or I have won,
The pestilence expectant lowers
On all beneath yon blasted sun.
Our joys, our toils, our honours meet
In the milk-white and wormy winding-sheet;
A short-lived hope, unceasing care,
Some heartless scraps of godly prayer,
A moody curse, and a frenzied sleep
Ere gapes the grave’s unclosing deep,
A tyrant’s dream, a coward’s start,
The ice that clings to a priestly heart,
A judge’s frown, a courtier’s smile,
Make the great whole for which we toil;
And, brother, whether thou or I
Have done the work of misery,
It little boots: thy toll and pain,
Without my aid were more than vain;
And but for thee I ne’er had sate
The guardian of heaven’s palace gate.”

Another has the following political illustration of the new philosophy.

“English reformers exclaim against sinecures,—but the true pension-list is the rent-roll of the landed proprietors: wealth is a power usurped by the few, to compel the

many to labour for their benefit. The laws which support this system derive their force from the ignorance and credulity of its victims: they are the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many, who are themselves obliged to purchase this pre-eminence by the loss of all real comfort.”

The domestic relations are of the same character.

“Not even (says the writer) the intercourse of the sexes is exempt from the despotism of positive institution. Law pretends even to govern the indisciplineable wanderings of passion, to put fetters on the clearest deductions of reason, and, by appeals to the will, to subdue the involuntary affections of our nature. Love is inevitably consequent upon the perception of loveliness. Love withers under constraint: its very essence is liberty: it is compatible neither with obedience, jealousy, nor fear: it is there most pure, perfect, and unlimited, where its votaries live in confidence, equality, and unreserve.

“How long then ought the sexual connection to last? what law ought to specify the extent of the grievances which should limit its duration? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other: any law which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection, would be a most intolerable tyranny, and the most unworthy of toleration. How odious an usurpation of the right of private judgment should that law be considered, which should make the ties of friendship indissoluble, in spite of the caprices, the inconstancy, the fallibility, and the capacity for improvement of the human mind. And by so much would the fetters of love be heavier and more unendurable than those of friendship, as love is more vehement and capricious, more dependent on those delicate peculiarities of imagination, and less capable of reduction to the ostensible merits of the object.

“Prostitution is the legitimate offspring of marriage and its accompanying errors. Women, for no other crime than having followed the dictates of a natural appetite, are driven with fury from the comforts and sympathies of society. Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature;—society declares war against her, pitiless and eternal war: she must be the tame slave, she must make no reprisals; theirs is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance.

“Chastity is a monkish and evangelical superstition, a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half of the human race to misery, that some few may monopolize according to law. A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.”

Need we go farther to justify what we have said respecting this most infamous publication? We will not stain our pages with another line; and we trust to Heaven, that in discharging as painful and difficult a duty as ever fell upon a Reviewer, we may be

pardoned if we have acted unwisely, since we are sure we have acted conscientiously.

The Cavalier; a Romance. In Three Volumes. By Lee Gibbons, Esq.

When the author of *Waverley* terminated one of his recent tales, he confessed that there was still a rich harvest standing in the fields in which he had been reaping, and that there lacked only labourers to gather it in. He complimented the writer of “*Marriage*,”—“a brother or a sister shadow,”—as a labourer well qualified for the task; and he may now congratulate, with equal justice, another aspirant, who bids fair to dispute even with him the honour of celebrating the deeds that have been done of yore, in the once blood-besprent champaign of merry England.

The present tale, as may be inferred from its title, is founded on some events which occurred in the reign of the first Charles; in the period of the commonwealth; and in the early part of the succeeding reign. Its heroine is a niece of the redoubted president Bradshaw, and its hero is Colonel Sydenham, afterwards Lord Falconridge, descended from Aben Seyd Namrah, a Saracen leader of great valour, who accompanied Richard of the Lion’s Heart on his return from the Holy Land. This Aben Seyd was rewarded for his services, by a magnificent grant of lands in the county of Derby; and, from motives of gratitude for such munificence, as well as from other motives, conformed to the Christian faith. He was knighted by his sovereign, under the name of sir Richard Seydnam; was next created Baron Falconridge of Banner Cross; which title descended, *cum terris*, to the Sydenhams, his posterity.

A succinct memoir of the family, which the reader must peruse, ere he hastens “into the midst of things,” which he soon does, as in *Paradise Lost*, informs us that Norman de Sydenham, one of the sons of the second lord Falconridge, attended prince Edward, son of Henry the Third, on his crusade to Acon, in Palestine; that he returned with that hero, by way of France, to England, on the death of his royal father; and that he bore a worthy part in the famous “petite bataille de Châlons.”

The battle is very spiritedly described.

“The lists were marked out in the public square, and surrounded with seats for the spectators. Those houses which overlooked it were superbly hung with tapestry and painted devices; emblazoned pennons and silken streamers glittered to the sun; and all the magnificence of Burgundy the magnificent, all the beauty, the fashion, the courage, the religion, the *tout ensemble*, graced on that day the grand square of Châlons. At an early hour the seats were taken, the windows of the adjacent houses occupied, and all impatiently awaited the arrival of the count of Châlons, who was appointed, by the parties mutually, the marshal, or umpire of the field. A raised seat, at the upper end of the lists, surmounted with a canopy, over which floated his household banner, was pre-

pared for the marshal; and at the other end was the throne of that beauty, chosen to dispense the rewards of valour, and the prizes of chivalric superiority. The seat was inclosed by silver-gilt pillars, which supported a canopy of white velvet, and above which a silken flag, bearing a Virgin Mary, embroidered on a field *blanc*, encompassed with the rays of the sun *argent*, streamed in unison with the banner of the marshal; the pillars were entwined with garlands of flowers; and the whole was executed in that style of elegance, for which the Burgundians were even then admirable. Beatrix, daughter of the count of Chalons, was appointed queen of the lists; and from a fairer hand sir Tristram himself would not have desired to receive the palm of victory. The marshal having arrived and taken his place, commanded the usual proclamations to be made; after which the barriers were thrown open and the trumpets sounded. They were answered from without, as well on the part of the king as on that of the lord of Charent; and immediately Edward galloped into the lists, attended by his knights, at one barrier, as did Lewis de Grand Pré and his friends at the other. The king of England, although his beaver was closed, was as easily distinguishable from his knights, as they were from the enemy; not so much by richness of armour, or even majesty of figure, (for they were all men of gallant persons), as by the length of his legs, (from which he derived the surname of Longhanks), and the inconceivable grace and ease with which he managed his weapons and his battle-horse. His lance, though by the laws of arms obliged to be of equal length with those of his adversaries, was much thicker, and required the arm of the vanquisher De Gourdon to wield it. His horse, sixteen hands to the full, and of a bone and muscle seldom seen in France, could alone be governed by his matchless rider; and his hauberk, made more for need than show, proclaimed him a son of battle, not a *petit maitre* of the tournament. The only mark of his royalty was a slight golden coronet set around his head-piece; otherwise he was accounted as his companions, who wore scarves, decorated with the red cross of the croisaders, to designate them from their rivals.

"The lord of Charent and his friends wore jointed armour (which began about that time to be the fashion), richly ornamented with golden studs and chasings; and their helmets, instead of the griffin dragon, or lion crests, usually worn, were decorated with plumes of party-coloured feathers.

"The trumpets having sounded a charge, and the word being given by the marshal, each knight fixed his lance in his rest, slackened his curb, and gave the spur to his horse. The king met De Grand Pré in the midst of the career, and the concussion was so strong, that the count's horse reeled under his rider; many of his friends were no less unhappy, several more so; for sir Norman Seydnam, sir Reginald Bigod, and sir Hugh Molyneux, whether by the goodness of their horses, or the superiority of their skill in arms, bore down their antagonists; and the former jousted with force so great, that he

carried his rival (Philip de Grand Pré, the brother of the lord of Charent), nearly a dozen yards from his horse. The contest now became animated; but the French knights perceiving their inferiority in the career, threw aside their lances, and to the astonishment of all present, attacked Edward and his friends with sharp and deadly weapons, contrary to all the laws of honour and chivalry. At this sight the marshal exclaimed; but not having a force sufficient to second his authority, his remonstrances were disregarded: the ladies on all sides flew from their seats; an universal uproar and confusion ensued; and this band of assassins, knowing the English to be provided but with blunt weapons, set upon them with sword and battle-axe. It was in this dilemma that Edward showed himself in his true colours; the gentleness, the majesty, and equanimity of his kingly character, upon this piece of treachery, fled to heaven; and in their stead, remained only the hot passion, sanguine fearlessness, and decision of the warrior. He reined up his steed until the animal reared nearly upright, and waving his hand, as a signal to his companions, they, in an instant, formed in line, at the upper end of the lists, presenting a resolute front to their deceitful enemies. Hence he called to those of their party without the lists, to furnish them with arms! which order being heard by Grand Pré, he judged it expedient to fall on before the king and his knights were prepared.

"He therefore encouraged his party; and they setting up the cry of war, '*Mont-joie, Saint Denis!*' dashed into the English rank; which, not disturbed by their onset, sustained and repulsed it. By this time, sir Norman Seydnam, who had caught his battle-axe, thrown over the lists by his squire, threw away his lance, and leaving the rank, spurred his horse into the midst of the French. His antagonist in the tourney he first selected as the object of his vengeance; and, rising in his stirrups, he dealt that knight so heavy a blow, that he drove away the plume from his casque, and laid him senseless on the saddle-bow: upon this success, he reiterated his blows so heavily and successfully, that he found the whole of the Burgundians sufficient employment, until the king and his friends were completely armed, who, as they received their weapons, entered into the combat. The traitors now began to perceive the probable reward of their treachery; and Grand Pré cried aloud to his friend to open the barriers; but several English knights and squires in the suite of the king, stood guard over them, with the concurrence of the marshal, who declared, that as the lord of Charent and his party had begun so base a work, they must now go through with it, for they should neither have escape nor assistance.

"Edward, in the mean time, having seen all his friends provided, before he would accept a weapon, now drew that famed sword which had chastised the rebel Montfort, and quelled the pride of the valiant De Gourdon. He advanced like the lion rejoicing in the pride of his strength, or the ravenous eagle

pursuing the hunter who had stolen her young. For a moment, with a smile of joy, he surveyed the combatants engaged; but perceiving sir Norman Seydnam oppressed by Lewis de Grand Pré, and several others of their enemies, he galloped into the *mêlée*, and attacking the traitor, drew him from sir Norman. The combat lasted not long; Edward with one blow clove the helmet of the lord of Charent, who fell dead from his horse! and, in the space of a few minutes, out of the twelve who commenced the treacherous strife, three only remained, who threw down their arms and begged the king's mercy. Edward, learning that they were instigated by Grand Pré to this horrid treachery, who had paid for it with his own life, and those of many of his friends; and thinking that sufficient blood had been shed for the trespass; and on their degradation from knighthood by the count of Chalons, in whose territories their fiefs were situate, remitted their further punishment to him."

The scene being laid in Derbyshire and the neighbouring counties, in the time of the civil wars, it will at once be guessed that the gallant cavaliers of that day, among whom Colonel Sydenham shone preeminent, are contrasted with the sanctimonious and fierce Roundheads, who pass their time in psalm-singing and the cleaving of sconces. This contrast is very ably managed. The author exhibits his cavaliers in those colours which harmonize well with the sunset of chivalry in England; they are brave, plous, loyal, hospitable, and generous; he paints the Roundheads somewhat after the style of Butler, giving at the same time full effect to their nobler qualities.

As a proof of the skill with which the tissue of fiction is raised on the web of history in this tale, we shall select, from a multitude of others equally good, parts of a passage in the third volume. After giving a spirited portrait of that "chief of men," Oliver Cromwell, as he looked in the last year of his mortal existence, the author thus exhibits him in action: "Oliver (as was his custom) had spent a week in retirement, at the palace of Hampton Court—his favourite summer residence, when Murray, one morning, made his appearance at the gate, and requested admission. On entering the palace, he was informed the Protector was at prayer with his chaplain, Goodwin, and had desired that he might not be disturbed. Notwithstanding this information, Caryfort made his way to the chamber, where he found Oliver and his lecturer on their knees, engaged in silent devotion. The peer knelt beside his master, and instantly appeared as intent upon spiritual exercise as his companions; he elevated his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, groaned and grunted as deeply as Cromwell himself, who was far from being deficient in those exterior testimonies of a broken and contrite heart. When this scene had been enacted about half an hour, the Protector arose, and was imitated by Caryfort and Goodwin. Cromwell seated himself on a chair, cushioned and lined with red leather, and motioned to his friends to take places. 'What may bring ye here, Caryfort?' said

the Protector. "Have you and Thurloe put your heads together, and found out some invasion of the realm by the king of the Cavaliers?" He smiled, and turned towards Goodwin, as if to receive credit for the ridicule conveyed in his speech: the chaplain, like a true parasite, simpered in reply.

"God protect us!" said Caryfort, "your Highness may not smile when my tale is told: Charles Stuart is more potent than he should be, for our safety and that of the commonwealth—we have news of import." "Out with it, man," cried Cromwell, whose tone was now changed from cold ridicule to trembling wrath; "out with it—How! what—what mean ye?" "The King—pursued Caryfort. 'The King!' interrupted Cromwell. 'Nay, the Cavalier King, Charles Stuart, has now an army of many thousand men at Bruges.' 'What!' cried the Protector, as if struck by a sudden blow—"What! and where—and where, in the Lord's name, gat he them?" "The Spaniard," replied Murray, "hath holpen him to men, arms, and ammunition." "The fire of God consume him for't," exclaimed Oliver. "Ah, would to the Lord Blake—Blake were living—the Spaniard?—Blake!—he hath rued his false dealing before now; and if a squadron I have left, he shall again. —Blake!—Blake—I need thee." "And more," continued the peer. "They have intelligence here." "Who? where? how?" cried the Protector, foaming at the mouth like a mad dog; "what hair-brained traitor dare correspond with the King? Speak, man. He is dead before thou sayst—"The Cavaliers of the north," answered Murray, "if not up already, await but the presence of that traitor Sydenham: Lancashire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, are numbered, and pledged to rise." "Where—where is Snell?" cried Cromwell. "Let him march—march forward instantly—and—"He ended not the sentence, but clenched his fist, and paced the room from side to side, like a wild beast. "Sir Harry Slingsby and Dr. Huet—" said Caryfort. "Ha—what of them?" cried Oliver, stopping short, "are they—" "Traitors!" replied Murray; "and Mordaunt is closely implicated." "Are they—are they fast in prison, by the neck and heels?" said the Protector. "Yea; but worse than all," said the Peer, "Ormond is known to be in England, yet he is in darker hiding than we can penetrate." "Set a reward upon his head, and another on Sydenham," cried Cromwell. "God give me patience, this is news indeed!"—Slingsby! Huet! they are friends of the president—Bradshaw! where is he? and Waller! Haslerigg! Lambert! and Fairfax! The Lord's vengeance over—overtake them." He sat down again in his chair, nearly overcome with the strength of his own passions, and the sweat coursed down his brow like drops of rain down a window pane.

Some farther communion ensues.—

"Cromwell seemed now to be seized with a kind of lethargy, which usually succeeded to the delirium of his passion; he leaned upon the arms of the chair, and for some time spoke no word; his companions

also preserved silence: it was a considerable space before he resumed his self-possession, gradually awakening from his disorder, as if from a sound sleep. When he raised his eyes and beheld Caryfort, he put his hand to his brow, as if striving to recall something past to his recollection, and then bowed his head in token of remembrance. He spoke slowly, but audibly. "Hie ye strait to Whitehall—bid colonel Snell march—march on towards Cheshire,—bid him take possession, by fair means or foul, of the president's house;—give him, Caryfort, what other instructions you may, by the revelation of the Lord, be enabled.—Watch, and sleep not, for the enemy are at hand; and let that ram, Sydenham, be taken in the thicket, to be offered up, as it were, a sacrifice, instead of the blood of our Isaacs—the people of the land."

We have not meddled with the love scenes in this story, though they are well drawn; and the heroine, Hester Bradshaw, is truly beautiful. A good relief of the comic also runs through the volumes; and we have no hesitation in ranking them in the nearest row to the Wizzard of the North. Indeed, the Cavalier will be found to be a very excellent romance, and as such we recommend it. Among its other merits we have poetry; and the following example attached to the death of the Sir Norman above mentioned, will show its quality. "In the first battle with the Welsh, he commanded the van division under Edward, and routed the mountaineers with great slaughter; but to the great grief of the King, and all true knights, he was himself slain by an arrow, shot at random by the enemy, on the close of the fight. He was observed to be thoughtful, and almost wild in his demeanour, from the time that he joined the King at the rendezvous; spoke little to any one but his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, who was much in the same condition; and if questioned with too much pertinacity, he turned fiercely on the querist, or fled without speaking. In his burgonet, he wore the beautiful tresses of a lady's hair; and frequently he was seen stamping on the ground, and muttering to himself, as if in a fit of frenzy. He became more sedate on the evening previous to the battle, and requested the command of the van division from Edward, who granted it, with a caution to take care of himself. He smiled bitterly, and retired. The next morning, he was stirring with the lark, and had attacked and routed the enemy, and was brought in a corpse, before the King had imagined he had marched from the rendezvous."

After his death, his friend Sir Hugh Molyneux, in stripping him of his armour, found an epilogue, of which the following is a translation, carefully placed in his breast:—

The moonshine sparkled on the wall,
On the wall of the abbey that's ruin'd and bare;
And the dusky light in the desert hall,
Show'd that she I lov'd was there.

I flew to my own dear Adeline;

My Adeline welcom'd her faithful knight;
We repos'd by the side of Saint Cathbert's shrine,
And we talk'd of the coming fight.

AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.

Letter to T. W. Coke, Esq. M. P. on
Corn Laws. pp. 23.

The object of this pamphlet, which the vast and increasing importance of its subject induces us to notice, is to establish a permanent and equitable scheme of importation duties upon corn; and to afford the means of reconciling the contending interests of agriculturists and manufacturers. "During the last six years," says the writer, "there has been a perpetual cry from either party for the aid of Parliament: 'Give us,' petitions the merchant, 'a free corn trade, and the manufacturers of the country will revive, and the artisan be rescued from starvation: the high price of bread is our ruin.' 'Give us,' prays the agriculturist, 'high protecting duties, as you have done to the manufacturers; exclude the foreign farmer, or the agriculture of the country is at an end, and the basis of its wealth destroyed.'" But the author contends that both are in error; and then proceeds to establish and illustrate the principle of an equitable system of duties, suitable to the just demands of both parties. It is in substance this: "Lay such a duty upon the imported corn, as, together with the expence of producing equally good grain upon as equally favourable soil abroad, shall be exactly the same with that expence at home. Any difference of the expence of growing grain of this description abroad and at home, must arise from the difference of taxation, direct and indirect. It is manifest, therefore, that the tax to be laid on to foreign corn imported into this country, should be at least as great as this difference of expence of growing it, arising out of taxation direct and indirect. But that it should not be greater, or in other words, how shall I live when thou art gone; To-morrow's wind thy plume will wave; And you bright moon that sees us now, May light my Norman's grave."

I smiled whilst I watch'd the playful beam;
The beam as it shot through the broken wall,
For it danced on the shrine of the patron saint,
And spangled his subtle pall.

Hark! hark! Do you hear? cried Adeline,
'Tis the groan of Death that comes from the tomb,
Again! now a third! see, behold the shrine!
Ah! it opens its yawning womb!

I beheld with affright the tomb was rent,
And the corpse of St. Cathbert I dimly descried;
In his hand was the crossier in life he sway'd,
Whilst hollowly thus he cried:—

"Sir Norman, prepare to meet thy doom;
Thy doom will in battle, with victory come;
Neither mail of proof, nor a maiden's love,
Can shield thee from the tomb."

The spectre sank and the marble clod;
The monument clos'd on his homeless head;
I turn'd to seek my life's best hope;
God! my Adeline was dead!

Sir Norman was seen in the battle's roar;
In the battle's roar, 'mid the bloody tide;
His knightly plume was red with gore,
He conquered, but he died.

The last verse was added by the Father Adrian,
his tutor and friend, and his body was embalmed
and magnificently interred at Banner Cross Ab-
bey.—Author of the MS.

words, such as would amount to an absolute prohibition, appears from the consideration, that the quantity of corn which, over and above our own growth, is necessary for the consumption of the country, cannot be grown in England, without bringing into cultivation a soil inferior to any yet ploughed, and far worse than the average of arable lands; the toil of the cultivator must be increased, and his labour be worse paid; his family must fair worse, and his children die earlier. Thus population will diminish, and the demand for corn sink back to its former level; but the nation will have lost all the wealth and strength which the labour of those persons would have produced had it been better directed.

"Some have argued, that the corn trade ought to be perfectly free, on the principle that every article should be bought at the cheapest market. This maxim (says the author) is true, but the application of it to our condition is questionable." "While, we grant," he continues, "that the native should have no monopoly against the foreigner, the foreigners ought to have no such monopoly against the native, which he will inevitably possess if he is free from the weight of taxes which the latter must bear. It is policy and justice to place the foreigner in the same situation with the British subject. If you drive the native farmer from the market, the manufacturers' best, and only sure custom is ruined. If you starve the artificer, by giving him inadequate remuneration for his labour, you drive him to another country, and the industry of that citizen is lost to the nation."

As to the mode of estimating the difference of the expenses in growing the same quantity of corn abroad and at home, which is the basis of the author's scheme of duties, he proposes that the cheapest country from which we can receive supplies, should be selected for that purpose. He further contends, that in determining the expence of growing corn at home, rent should not be taken into the estimate; on the ground that rent is not in reality one of the expences, but a premium paid for the use of the land out of the superabundant profit.

Some objections to the present system of averages are then brought forward, grounded upon the same reasoning as that upon which the author's own theory is made to rest. We regret that we have not room for a further exposition of this interesting tract. It proposes a scheme which, if found practicable, seems to promise much; we might perhaps say, every thing. We are not of the number of those *practical men*, who reject all assistance from theory; nor, because there are many speculators in the world, do we pronounce them all visionaries. Let them be fairly tried by the test—facts and past experience; and we shall be in no danger of being misled. The form and size of a tract of 23 pages was evidently not calculated to develop the author's plan so fully and intelligibly as might have been done in a more ample pamphlet. This we submit for his consideration; and in the mean time recommend this production to the more speculative class of our readers.

THE HUNTINGDON PEERAGE.

There are few of our readers, we presume, who do not recollect the important and memorable legal achievement of the restoration of the ancient title of Huntingdon, through the indefatigable exertions of Henry Nugent Bell, Esq., the able and enterprising professional agent on the occasion; and the no less singular and interesting narrative of the proceedings, subsequently published by that gentleman, and reviewed in the 165th number of the Literary Gazette. A second edition of this truly original work has, we perceive, just made its appearance; thus confirming our favourable critical opinion of its merits, and confident predictions of its popularity. To the more substantial attractions of the volume, there are now added several appropriate and beautiful engravings, and a genealogical table of the illustrious House of Hastings. These valuable and expensive illustrations it was found impossible, we understand, to have ready in time for the first impression, in consequence of the research and labour necessary to discover such early productions of art, and to procure perfect copies of them; but Mr. B., with a true spirit of liberality, gratuitously enriches the present edition with these curious treasures; thus at once proving his disinterestedness, and evincing his good taste. In addition to the likenesses of the present Earl and late Countess, there are four characteristic portraits, engraved from very rare original drawings, which possess a singular interest as connected with the history and manners of the periods to which they respectively refer. That of Jane Shore, copied from the admirable original picture now in the possession of the noble family of Hastings, representing that lovely but unfortunate lady in the performance of the cruel penance inflicted on her, of walking barefooted through the city, is an exquisite specimen of art, which it is quite impossible to contemplate without feelings of sympathy and admiration. The sweet expression of religious resignation, mingled with penitence, and an entire abstraction from external suffering, is finely embodied in her features; while her eyes, turned towards heaven, seem at once to appeal for pardon of her transgressions, and protection from her persecutors. The curious portrait of Lady Jane Grey, from the original picture, by Vertue, at Strawberry Hill, with *fac similes* of her own, and her husband's hand writing annexed, has also a lively historical interest attached to it; and that of the far-famed Henry Hastings of Woodlands, copied from the original in the collection of the present Earl of Shaftesbury, in the rude style of that time, harmonising so aptly with the moral character and habits of the man, will be, in itself, a treat to the antiquary. To such persons, and they are not a few, who wish to be minutely acquainted with family pedigree, the genealogical tables, now first given, must be highly satisfactory. But in enumerating the auxiliary graces of this new edition, we must not omit to mention an accurate likeness of the author himself, which we prize at least as highly as

any of the more venerable ornaments appended to the volume; and which will, we think, be similarly appreciated by every mind capable of duly valuing professional perseverance, integrity, and talent. On this head, we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. B.'s own *apology*, as expressed in his preface, for its candid spirit, appositeness, and characteristic vein of humour. "With respect to the introduction of my own portrait, (says he,) it will be, *prima facie*, obvious that I had no personal vanity to gratify by publishing my face; but I may be fairly forgiven the ambition of occupying an humble niche in a temple of my own raising. There is, moreover, as I take it, a certain curiosity in most minds to be, as it were, *scintillarily* acquainted with,—to inspect with the naked eye—individuals before seen only (to use Dryden's phrase) 'through the spectacles of books.' The present age is one of philosophy, and occult calculation. Men are curious to discover and ascertain what precise quantity of nose, and height of forehead, go to constitute certain passions and capacities; and what conformation of mouth and eye is assigned to a peculiar temperament. This curiosity, there can be no great harm in gratifying. It is not very unlike the itching one feels to see the countenance of a man or woman, with whose conversation one has been accidentally entertained for several hours in the dark—in a mail coach at night, for example, to prevent evil inferences. Thus much for my own portrait." To conclude, the present improved edition of the Huntingdon Peerage, over and above its intrinsic merit, possesses such various claims to favourable notice, as can scarce fail to secure to it a still ampler measure of public patronage, than it has yet experienced. Mr. B., whose peculiar turn of mind naturally associates itself with the romantic and mysterious in human affairs, and who, in fact, seems to have conquered for himself the province of pedigree, and whatever appertains to revived claims, to dormant titles, or alienated property, has, we learn, been recently engaged in various investigations of singular interest and moment. We shall sincerely rejoice to hear of his having achieved other victories in that difficult department of his profession, for which his industry and zeal so eminently qualify him; and to read the account of them, given in his own animated manner, would add still further to our gratification.

TOMLINE'S LIFE OF PITT.

(Concluded.)

In the year 1784, Mr. Pitt was elected for the University of Cambridge; and his biographer traces, the parliamentary session in which the principal measures were those of finance and the India bills, which the minister carried through in his new house with great majorities. The Westminster scrutiny was also the subject of much fiery debate; and we observe that the bishop falls into a legal mistake in his report of Mr. Pitt's famous speech on that occasion. He makes the speaker, in laying down the law of the

case say, "Now, sir, to bring this point of law more directly into the cognizance of the house, I will state a case:—A writ is issued to the sheriff, (in an action of debt) called a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, ordering him to seize the goods of A, and this is followed by another, called a *venditioni exponas*, and is returnable by a certain day; the sheriff, in prosecution of his writ, seizes the goods, in order to put them up to sale." As Mr. Pitt was educated to the bar, he could not have made this blunder. The writ must have been a *feri facias*, and not a *capias ad satisfaciendum*; the latter writ being against the person only, and not against the goods.

But it is not surprising that such displays of oratory as Mr. Pitt's best speeches were, should have but scant justice done to them in the Journals. We have always understood that he was most difficult to report; every word lost being a loss of fitness, force, or elegance; and so much was this impressed on the minds of several of his intimate friends, that (as we have been informed) they themselves tried on one or two important occasions to write out what they had heard from his mouth and get him to correct the MS.* But with all their advantages they failed, and the speeches were afterwards left to their usual course in the newspapers, which gave generally correct outlines, but could not convey any thing like an adequate idea of the power and brilliancy of the original.

It is not our intention to pursue the thread of politics, but rather to quote such passages as are most striking, or lead to some observation applicable to the present period. In 1786 the national debt was the subject. "Mr. Pitt informed the house, that the income of the country, as calculated by the select committee, for the year ending at the preceding Michaelmas, amounted to 15,379,182*l.* and for the year ending at Christmas, to 15,397,471*l.* the difference between which sums was less than 20,000*l.*" He then proceeded to impose taxes amounting to 100,000*l.* which added to a surplus revenue of 900,000*l.* would make a million for the redemption of the national debt, of the pressure and magnitude of which he spoke with great concern, though not in a tone of despair. "Mr. Pitt passed the morning of this day, in providing the calculations which he had to state, and in examining the resolutions which he had to move; and at last he said that he would go and take a short walk by himself, that he might arrange in his mind what he had to say in the house. He returned in a quarter of an hour, and told me he believed he was prepared. After dressing himself, he ordered dinner to be sent up; and learning at that moment that his sister, (who was then living in the house with him,) and a lady with her, were going to dine at the same early hour, he desired that their dinner might be sent up with his, and that they might dine together. He passed nearly an hour with these ladies, and several friends who called in their way to the house, talking with his usual liveliness and gaiety as if having nothing upon his

* But Mr. Pitt declared that he could not recollect what he had said.

mind: he then went immediately to the house of commons, and made this 'elaborate and far-extended speech,' as Mr. Fox called it, without one omission or error."

The year 1786 was remarkable for the commercial treaty with France, the continuance of the Hastings prosecution, &c., in public affairs; and Mr. Pitt's life was marked with one gloomy spot, for in this year he lost his only remaining sister, Lady Harriot Eliot, who died five days after the birth of her first child. "It was (says his biographer) my melancholy office to attend this very superior and truly excellent woman in her last moments; and afterwards to soothe, as far as I was able, the sufferings of her afflicted husband and brother—sufferings which I shall not attempt to describe. It was long before Mr. Pitt could see any one but myself, or transact any business except through me. Lady Harriot had been an inmate in his house till within some months of her death; and with the warmest feelings of mutual affection, they had always lived upon terms of the utmost confidence. Never were brother and sister more worthy of each other. Mr. Eliot had been a fellow collegian with Mr. Pitt, and his most intimate friend; a circumstance which made this connexion more gratifying to both, and the dissolution of it more painful. From this moment Mr. Eliot took up his residence in Mr. Pitt's house, and they continued to live like brothers." Mr. Eliot died in 1797, and his daughter in 1806, married Colonel, now Sir William Pringle, K. C. B.

The king's illness in 1788 was a memorable event. It was in compliance with a note from Mr. Pitt, so great was his influence on his royal master's mind, even in the state in which it then was, that the king consented to leave Windsor for Kew, which he had previously refused to do. The Regency Bill presents very important political considerations; but we pass them by to make a short extract touching that gratifying event which rendered it unnecessary. This bill had arrived at its second reading in the House of Lords on the 19th February 1789, when the lord chancellor in consequence of the king's convalescence, moved an adjournment of the committee to the 24th. "This unexpected intelligence was received by the house, with the highest satisfaction; and, after short speeches from Lord Stormont, and the Duke of York, the adjournment took place. On the 23rd, the king wrote his first letter to Mr. Pitt, desiring to see him the next morning at Kew: it was short, but his majesty mentioned, with great feeling and kindness, 'the support and anxiety shewn by the nation at large, during his long illness;' and Mr. Pitt's 'constant attachment to his interest, and that of the public.' From which it appears, that his majesty had already been made acquainted with the steps taken, in consequence of his indisposition.

"On the 24th, the lord chancellor informed the house of lords, that he had been admitted to several interviews with his majesty: he had been in his presence at one time, for an hour and a quarter, and that day for a full hour; during both which times, he

had found the posture of his majesty's mind to be clear and distinct; so much so, that he appeared perfectly capable of conversing on any subject. Under these circumstances, he thought it right to propose an adjournment to the Monday following, to which no objection was made; and, on that day, a further adjournment took place to the Thursday, in the same week, when the lord chancellor stated to the house, that his majesty found his health so fully established, that he hoped, on the following Tuesday, to communicate to the parliament such other business, as was necessary to be laid before them, for their consideration and dispatch. The house adjourned to that day.

"The house of commons received, from Mr. Pitt, the same information relative to the state of his majesty's health, and the intended communication of public business; and similar adjournments took place without any discussion. The caution of ministers, in thus deferring the exercise of the royal functions, was very generally commended.

"The bulletins signed by the physicians, and the assurances from the lord chancellor and Mr. Pitt, were considered as a sufficient testimony of the king's recovery."

The king's visit to St. Pauls to thank God for his recovery, is simply and affectingly related.

"On the day appointed for this act of pious gratitude, the king, accompanied by the queen and royal family, and attended by the two houses of parliament, the great officers of state, the judges and the foreign ambassadors, and surrounded by unexamined crowds of people, who viewed the procession in reverential silence, went to St. Paul's. His majesty was received at the west end of the church, by the bishop of London, the dean, and the residentiaries. A martial band stationed near the door, played appropriate music, till his majesty reached the area under the great dome, when it ceased; and instantly the organ, accompanied by the voices of above five thousand children of the city charity schools, who were placed upon circular seats, gradually rising between the pillars on both sides, began the hundredth psalm. The simple melody, joined to the spectacle, evidently affected the king; and as he was walking between the bishop of London and myself, he turned to me, and said, with great emotion, 'I now feel that I have been ill.' He then stopped, but soon recovering himself proceeded to the choir. The humility with which his majesty knelt down, upon first entering his seat, and the fervor with which he seemed to pour forth his thanksgivings and prayers, made a lasting impression on the minds of those, who were near enough to observe him. Indeed, throughout the service, which was adapted to the solemn occasion, and in the whole of this interesting and awful scene, eminently calculated to awaken pious and grateful feelings, nothing was so striking, as the earnest and uninterrupted devotion of his majesty, manifestly proceeding from a heart truly sensible of a recent and gracious interposition of Divine Providence."

"Though his majesty continued free from

any return of mental indisposition, yet his constitution had received so severe a shock, that he recovered his health and strength very slowly; and it was thought more prudent, that he should not go in person to put an end to the session. Parliament was therefore prorogued by commission, on the 11th of August."

The French Revolution now succeeds in occupying the page; and it strikes us that the writer has not endeavoured to impart originality to this branch of his subject; or in other words, we think we have read a very similar relation of that dreadful conflict. It is mentioned in a note, on the authority of the duke of Dorset, that it was Mr. Jefferson, the American minister at Paris, who advised the leaders of the tiers état to take the revolutionary name of L'Assemblée Nationale. The picture of France, and especially of Paris, at that time, is well drawn in the following.

"Mr. Eden gave the following account to Mr. Pitt, in a letter written from Paris, August 27th, 1789. 'It would lead me too far to enter into the strange and unhappy particulars of the present situation of this country.' The anarchy is most complete: the people have renounced every idea and principle of subordination; the magistracy (so far as there remain any traces of magistracy) is panic struck; the army is utterly undone; and the soldiers are so freed from military discipline, that on every discontent, and in the face of day, they take their arms and knapsacks, and leave their regiments; the church, which formerly had so much influence, is now in general treated by the people with derision; the revenue is greatly and rapidly decreasing amidst the disorders of the time: even the industry of the labouring class is interrupted and suspended. In short, the prospect, in every point of view, is most alarming: and it is sufficient to walk into the streets, and to look at the faces of those who pass, to see, that there is a general impression of calamity and terror. Such a state of things must come soon to a crisis; and the anxiety to be restored to order and security, would soon tend to establish, in some shape, an executive government, but there is a cruel want of some man of eminent talents to take the lead. I know personally all who are most conspicuous at present, and I see no man equal in any degree to the task which presents itself."

In June, 1790, Mr. Pitt was unanimously chosen high steward of the university of Cambridge; soon after which, Europe became involved in those wars, which lasted, with so little intermission, to 1815, and in

* In his letters to Mr. Pitt, during the session of parliament, he frequently complained of not being well; and it appears that Dr. Willis and his son occasionally visited the king, both at Kew and at Windsor, in April, May, and June, which was not owing to any actual return of the mental disorder, but because they were thought the best judges of the system which ought to be pursued for the entire removal of the effects produced upon his majesty's general health, by his long illness, and perhaps for the prevention of a relapse.

which this statesman acted so extraordinary a part. Into the history of this mighty struggle we abstain from entering; and must hasten to the conclusion of the work, where we find a curious account of the differences between Mr. Pitt and Lord Thurlow, which led to the dismissal of the latter, in May 1792.

"From the commencement of Mr. Pitt's administration, to the period of the king's illness, the lord chancellor acted with the utmost zeal and cordiality as a member of the cabinet; but during the proceedings in parliament, to which that unhappy event gave rise, a great alteration took place in his conduct; to such a degree indeed, that upon several occasions, Mr. Pitt felt by no means confident, what part he would take in the debates in the house of lords. In all the discussions, however, relative to the regency, he invariably, and with apparent sincerity, supported the principles and measures of Mr. Pitt; but not entirely without suspicion, at the moment of the greatest difficulty, of a disposition to pursue an opposite line, in consequence of his being admitted to frequent interviews with the prince of Wales. Whether the amendment which took place in the king's health, had any influence in this respect, it is impossible to know. After his majesty's recovery, the same coolness and reserve towards Mr. Pitt continued and gradually increased, although there was no difference of opinion upon any political question, nor did there appear any other cause for dissatisfaction.

"One of the members of the cabinet, who had been intimately acquainted, as well as politically connected with the lord chancellor for many years, repeatedly remonstrated with him, upon his present conduct towards Mr. Pitt, which he represented to be the subject of serious concern to all their colleagues, and earnestly pressed him, both for public and private reasons, to state openly and candidly his ground of complaint; assuring him that no offence or neglect had been intended, and that Mr. Pitt was ready to enter into an explanation upon any point he might wish. This friendly interposition entirely failed. No explicit answer could be obtained; nor did the chancellor mention a single objection to Mr. Pitt's public measures, or specify one instance of inattention to himself. He persevered in taking every opportunity of marking his personal dislike of Mr. Pitt, though constantly warned of the unreasonableness and unavoidable consequence of such behaviour; and at last his spleen broke forth in a violent censure of a bill, to which he knew Mr. Pitt annexed the greatest importance; and he actually voted against it without having given any previous notice of his intention. Mr. Pitt, who had shewn more forbearance than any other man would have done under similar circumstances, had now no alternative. Neither the good of the public service, nor a regard to his own feelings and character, would allow him to submit to such an indignity; and on the following morning, he respectfully submitted to the king, the impossibility of his remaining in office with the lord chancellor, and the

consequent necessity of his majesty's making his choice between them. The king was in some degree prepared for this communication; and the lord chancellor was immediately acquainted, by his majesty's command, that he must resign the seals."

One quotation more must close our extracts: it is extremely interesting in every point of view.

"By the death of Lord Guilford, on the 5th of August, in this year, the wardenship of the Cinque Ports, worth about 3,000*l.* a year, became vacant; and the king immediately offered it to Mr. Pitt, in the following most gracious and pressing terms:

"Windsor, August 6, 1792.—Having this morning received the account of the death of the earl of Guilford, I take the first opportunity of acquainting Mr. Pitt, that the wardenship of the Cinque Ports is an office, for which I will not receive any recommendations; having positively resolved to confer it on him, as a mark of that regard, which his eminent services have deserved from me. I am so bent on this, that I shall seriously be offended at any attempt to decline. I have intimated these my intentions to the earl of Chatham, lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas."

"His majesty, knowing that Mr. Pitt was at Burton Pynsent, on a visit to his mother, sent the above letter to Mr. Dundas, in London, adding, 'Mr. Dundas is to forward it with a few lines from himself, expressing, that I will not admit of this favour being declined. I desire that lord Chatham may also write, and that Mr. Dundas will take the first opportunity of acquainting lord Grenville with the step I have taken.'

This appointment, Mr. Pitt having been nine years prime minister, felt himself entitled gratefully to accept.

The volume closes in 1793, but furnishes nothing more worthy of observation. The private life of Mr. Pitt is promised; and we look for its appearance with a strong anticipation of its being a valuable publication, and one infinitely more attractive than the present, into which it may be wished that the author had infused a little more of anecdote to enliven its dry details. Such, for example, as the well-known bon-mot of Mr. Pitt's, on the militia bill discussions; when an opposition member emphatically proposed a clause to restrain that force from going out of the kingdom—to which the premier whispered across the table the *argumentum ad absurdum* amendment, "*except in cases of actual invasion*."

In domestic life, however, there will be a richer field for this species of embellishment; and we trust it will be reaped; as we are acquainted with not a few particulars which would greatly adorn a biographical memoir.

Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, &c. By W. E. Parry. 4to.

Capt. Parry's account of the voyage, of which our present and two preceding Numbers contain a review of Surgeon Fisher's narrative, appeared too late in the week to

allow us to examine it with sufficient care to learn, if it furnished any additional information. As far as we have been able to ascertain it appears to us to be very meagre of novelty to recommend it; but we will not fail to gather all that it may possess worthy of notice for our next publication. In general we are willing to sanction booksellers bringing out expensive works, where they must encourage authors by large prices; but we put it calmly to their sense of right, if it be expedient to lay such heavy taxes upon the public, when the journals are demi-official, and the parties largely rewarded by government for their labours. In this point of view, the quarto before us is to be censured as minutely tedious and scandalously dear. It is unquestionably far better written than Fisher's octavo; but, if the Tables in the Appendix be excepted, it does not seem to give one farthing's worth of intelligence more than the unpretending narrative of the medical officer. The plates are paltry, catch-penny things; and were the voyage not one of extraordinary interest, this exposition of it (costing nearly 4*l.*) would hardly travel out of the printer's office.

We have just seen the New Georgia Gazette—a half guinea quarto, composed of the jeu d'esprit newspapers got up by the officers to beguile the tedium of their long winter; but we have had the MS. of these journals in our possession for months, intending to have inserted what of their contents were worthy of notice, in some half-dozen numbers of the Literary Gazette; and we are bold to say, that a great mistake has been made in supposing them capable of exciting attention in a volume of such unreasonable form and price. The whole thing is really too gross to be passed in silence.

FISHER'S VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

(Concluded.)

We resume, for the purpose of concluding our review, the extracts from this Journal, which, however deformed by inaccuracies in its earlier impressions, is now, in its third edition, nearly as correct as we could wish a seaman's narrative to be, while it commands regard for the unaffected account which it gives of all that was remarkable in a very remarkable voyage. In doing this we shall, as in last week's Gazette, consult our own convenience, and we trust, the taste of our readers, by giving in a sort of labelled form the most novel remaining passages of the volume before us. On the 4th of September the ships crossed the meridian of 110° of longitude west of Greenwich, which entitled it to the first parliamentary reward.

About three weeks later the ships sawed their way into Melville Island, where they spent the long winter of more than ten months; in doing which they found a dead swan (*Anas Cygnus*), the only bird of the kind seen in these regions.

The Literary Gazette having, as we stated a fortnight ago, anticipated many of the prominent facts of this voyage, we find ourselves released from a number of extracts, otherwise curious and interesting; and can

therefore find room for the accounts of the most remarkable atmospheric and astronomical phenomena, which were certainly of a beautiful, as well as extraordinary nature. For instance, on October 25th, Mr. Fisher says—

"I observed this afternoon two vertical columns of prismatic colours, about 15° on each side of the sun; they were about five degrees in length, their lower end touching the horizon. They preserved the same intensity of colour, for about an hour, that is from noon until one o'clock; they then began to vanish, and in less than an hour disappeared altogether."

Similar columns were frequently observed afterwards; and on the 17th November the following grand appearance is described.

"Between three and four o'clock this afternoon, a remarkable cloud was observed in the south-west: the centre of it, indeed, bore S. W. by S. (true). It diverged from a centre, at the horizon, in straight lines, or columns, which extended to a great distance over the surface of the sky: the lower edge of it, on each side, was very straight and well defined; and formed an angle of about 45° with the horizon. Directly over its centre, instead of straight lines, it had more the appearance of an immense volume of smoke than any thing else. The whole was compared by our gunner to a powder magazine in a state of explosion; which those who had an opportunity of seeing such a sight, thought a very apt comparison; for the reflected rays of the sun, which illuminated that part of the sky behind the cloud, gave it very much the appearance of an immense explosion. It is probable that this remarkable cloud had some connection with the Aurora Borealis; for, after it had vanished, which took place about six o'clock, that phenomenon was seen in the same part of the heavens that the cloud occupied: it made its appearance, indeed, before the cloud disappeared entirely, but not before it had lost its radiated form, and dispersed so much that nothing particular could be seen about it."

Sublime as this sight must have been, there are other phenomena detailed with at least equal claim to that character.

"Wednesday, December 1st.—Between seven and eight o'clock this evening, four Paraselene, or mock moons, were observed, each at the distance of about twenty-one degrees and a half from the moon. One of them was situated close to the horizon, and another perpendicularly above it; the other two were one on each side of the moon, in a line parallel with the horizon. Their shape was somewhat like that of a comet, but incomparably larger, having their tails on that side farthest from the moon; their colour was slightly prismatic, the side of them that was nearest the moon being of a light orange colour, which vanished gradually into a yellow towards their tail.

"Shortly after they were seen, a halo, or luminous ring, having the moon for its centre, made its appearance; the radius of this ring was equal to the distance between the Paraselene and the moon, consequently

it passed through them. At the same time that the ring appeared, two yellowish coloured lines joined the opposite Paraselene, and bisected each other at the centre of the circle, thereby dividing it into four equal quarters. These lines, or columns, as well as the halo, or ring, and the Paraselene, or mock moons, were at different times of different degrees of brightness; and above the halo, that is, between it and the zenith, there appeared occasionally a segment of another halo, which touched the upper edge of that above described, or rather the Paraselene that occupied that part of it. These phenomena, if I may so call them, continued for upwards of an hour, and during that period frequently varied, as I have already said, in the intensity of their colours, but every part preserved invariably the same shape, although at times, some parts, particularly the upper segment and the cross that divided the halo, became so faint as scarcely to be visible."

"Saturday, Jan. 1st, 1820.—The new year ushered in without any remarkable event to distinguish it particularly: the cold has not, as we expected, been at all severe; for the thermometer at midnight last (that is at the moment of the commencement of the year) was only five degrees. About 11 o'clock this forenoon a very beautiful halo, forty-five degrees in diameter, was observed round the moon. It was intersected by two luminous columns of a yellowish white colour, which crossed each other at right angles over the moon's disc. The breadth of this cross, or rather the columns that formed it, were equal to the moon's diameter, in her immediate vicinity; but, as they receded from her, they became narrower, so that at the place where they touched the halo, they had tapered to such a small point that they were scarcely visible. In those points of the halo, where they terminated, were luminous spots, or paraselene: the two horizontal ones, or those situated in that part of the circle where the horizontal column of light ended, exhibited in the prismatic colours very beautifully, and each of them had a long tail proceeding from them, similar to that which I described on a former occasion, when mentioning the appearance of a phenomenon of the same kind. The luminous spot, or paraselene, in that part of the halo immediately above the moon, was of a very faint colour, when compared with the two just mentioned, and the fourth one, that is to say, if it existed, was hid from us, owing to its being (as well as a segment of the halo) below the horizon, the moon's altitude being only about eighteen degrees. The halo itself was not equally bright all round, for in those parts that were equidistant, that is forty-five degrees from the paraselene, it was of a very faint colour, and from these points towards the paraselene it became gradually brighter. Like the Aurora Borealis, its intervention did not obstruct the light of the stars that it chanced to pass over, for the planet Mars happened to be situated in the brightest part of the horizontal luminous column, and yet it appeared as bright as usual; its reddish colour seemed, indeed, to

be a little increased in its brilliancy. This halo, as well as that described last month, happened about the time of full moon." *

"Sunday, 9th.—Haloes and parhelia have been seen at different times since the beginning of this month; but as none of them differed in any way from those that have been already described, I have omitted saying any thing about them. One was seen to-day, however, which differed very materially from any that we have hitherto seen. It first appeared at noon, and continued visible until six o'clock in the evening. It exhibited the greatest display of colours about one o'clock. It consisted of one complete halo, forty-five degrees in diameter, and segments of several other haloes; the most perfect of them was immediately above it, where their peripheries touched: the other segments were one on each side of the halo, not unlike parts of a rainbow resting on the horizon; and two above it, that is, between it and the zenith. Besides these, there was another complete ring, of a pale white colour, which went right round the sky, parallel with the horizon, and at a distance from it equal to the sun's altitude. Where this ring or circle cut the halo, there were two parhelia, and another close to the horizon, directly under the sun; this was by far the most brilliant of the parhelia, being exactly like the sun slightly obscured by a thin cloud at its rising or setting. With respect to the colours of the other parhelia and haloes, I may say of them in general, that they were prismatic, and showed them more or less to advantage, according to the state of the weather: when there was a little snow falling, as was frequently the case during the day, the different colours shone with the greatest splendour. I have always observed, indeed, when these haloes or parhelia are seen, that there is a little snow falling, or rather small *spiculae*, or fine crystals of ice."

These descriptions afford a very good idea of spectacles that must have been surpassingly splendid. The *aurora borealis* was never very brilliant.

Mr. Fisher in the course of his narrative relates many circumstances to demonstrate the degrees and effects of the cold. Thus at page 154, on the 8th of November, "An experiment was made to-day on a piece of ice, similar to that which was performed at Petersburg at the marriage of the late Emperor of Russia. I allude to the ice-guns that were used on that occasion. That which we made, however, hardly deserved to be called a gun, at least when compared with those in question, for the block of ice that was used was only about three feet long, two feet broad, and a foot and a half in thickness; and the bore, which was made with a two-inch augur, was about two feet in length; it was loaded with three ounces of powder, but when fired, instead of going off like the Russian ice-guns, it burst into a thousand fragments. Ice formed on salt-water is, from its porosity, very little calculated for an experiment of this sort; and if it were intended to withstand the shock of the explosion, the mass, I presume, ought

to be larger than that which we used." On the 29th of the same month, Mercury froze at thirty-six degrees below zero; but this departure from the general law of its freezing only at 49° or 50°, the author attributes to the impurity of the mercury, and some admixture of lead. Again, on the 12th of January, "A small quantity of strong brandy was exposed in the open air this afternoon for the purpose of experiment. It had not been above ten minutes on deck when it began to congeal, and in the course of half an hour it became of the consistence of honey, and not unlike it indeed in appearance. It never became harder than this, although left on deck for upwards of an hour; it was tried again in the evening, and after being exposed about an hour longer to the same temperature, we found the only difference it produced was, that it became dryer, being in consistence and appearance somewhat like brown moist sugar. The freezing did not appear to alter either its taste, or strength, in the least; we tasted it in its frozen state, without suffering any inconvenience from it, except a little smarting of the tongue." But it was reserved for the 14th of February, to show the greatest degree of cold experienced by the Expedition. Mr. F. says, "The thermometer this afternoon fell to 54° below zero, which is the greatest cold that we have yet registered, or indeed that we have any well authenticated account of any one else having registered. The weather at the time was perfectly calm; and although certainly cold, it was so far from being intolerably so, that we walked about in the open air without any inconvenience, and without any additional clothing more than we have been accustomed to wear throughout the winter. I am of opinion, indeed, that a much greater degree of cold might be endured in calm weather without suffering any bad effect from it, for the feeling does not appear by any means to be so sensible after the thermometer has fallen to between 30° or 40° below zero." He adds, however, the following note—"Mr. Hadly indeed mentions, that it is recorded in the Transactions of the Academy of Petersburg, that a temperature of 57° below zero had been registered once in some part of Siberia."

We believe there is at least one record still lower than these.

The highest degree of natural cold which we know to have been measured, is that which was observed at Jeniseisk, at 110° of longitude, and 58° of North lat. in January 1736. The thermometer of Fahrenheit, stood at 126° below zero.*

December 21 was a day among the *memorabilia*, and we copy its entry in the Journal.

"This being our shortest day, or, more properly speaking, the day on which the sun is farthest from us, several of the officers went out on the ice at noon with books to determine whether it was possible to read by the twilight; and surprising, as it may appear, yet we found that the smallest print could be read by it. The book that I took was a

small (pocket) Common Prayer Book, (which was the smallest print I could find) and, by facing it towards the south, I could read it very distinctly. As the portion of it that presented itself by chance on this occasion contains a good moral lesson, I hope it will not be considered an idle or impious thing to quote the sentence that happened to be the subject of experiment. It was the first verse of the forty-sixth Psalm: *God is our hope and strength; a very present help in trouble.* In addition to what has been said, I ought also to mention that the weather at the time was rather cloudy, so that very few stars could be seen, and the moon's declination was about 15½° S., consequently below the horizon; therefore the twilight was the only source from which we could receive any light at the time. My object in being so minute in detailing this circumstance is simply to give an idea of the degree or quantity of light that we still receive from the sun."

On the 3d of February we have a corresponding entry.

"For some days past, (says the author,) we have had so much light about noon, that both officers and men generally went to the mast-head to look out for the sun; for although we were perfectly aware of the time on which it ought to reappear, according to its declination, yet as the Dutch navigator, Barentz, saw it at Nova Zembla several days before it ought to be seen, in the latitude in which he wintered, we had reason to suppose that whatever effect refraction might have there, the same might be expected to take place here. Notwithstanding our vigilance, we always found, however, that although it must have been very high the horizon for some days past, it never appeared above it until to-day. As the forenoon was very fine and clear, we made sure of seeing it; several of us were therefore in the maintop about half-past eleven, to welcome its return, and at twelve, or rather a few minutes after, we had the pleasure of seeing the glorious luminary again, after an absence of ninety-two days. It is more easy to conceive than describe the pleasure that every person felt on this occasion, at again seeing that heavenly agent, which is to set us free from confinement. But I consider, that to do justice to this subject, and to the sensations excited by so sublime and joyful a sight, would require my entering into rhapsodies, more suitable to the effusions of a poetical imagination, than the unadorned language of a plain narrator; I shall therefore avoid saying any thing more about the matter. During the time the sun was above the horizon, a vertical column of a beautiful red colour extended from it towards the zenith: the colour of it was most brilliant near the sun, and diminished gradually as it went upwards. It was observed also, that it was not always of the same brilliancy, but that it twinkled so that the upper part of it vanished altogether for a moment; it then instantaneously brightened up as splendid as before; this twinkling went on in quick succession, during the whole time the column appeared. Its breadth was about equal to

* See Gasparis' Introduction to Geography, Weimar, 1814.

the sun's diameter, and its height, or altitude, when in its greatest splendour, was between four and five degrees."

As the summer advanced an expedition was undertaken across Melville island, and parties went inland to shoot the animals which now migrated thither in considerable numbers. In May, (15th) we are told—

"Several ptarmigans have been seen by different persons yesterday and to-day, and their tracks and excrement are to be met with so frequently on the snow, that there must be a great many of them already arrived. I have seen four of them to-day on the wing coming from the southward. A snow-bunting and a raven were also seen to-day. One of the parties that were out observed a curious scene between the latter and a wolf: when the raven had lighted, the wolf managed to get within a few yards of him unperceived, but immediately he (the wolf) observed that he was seen, by the raven, instead of running direct on to him, he began to go round him, at the same time closing upon him so gradually as to be scarcely perceived; but before he had accomplished his object, the party got so close to them as to set them off."

In one of the excursions some of the sailors had nearly perished, and two or three of them lost fingers by being frost-bitten. But the chief exploit in this way, namely, that across the island, of which an interesting account is given, was entirely prosperous and successful. We are sorry that our space forbids us to follow the route, on which musk-oxen were killed, and the huts of Eskimaux found. The latter is, however, so important a part of the volume, that we must make room for it. On returning from the north side of Melville island, the travellers came to an island in a frozen bay at the west end of it. Here, on the 13th of June, we have the following statement.

"Our success in the sporting way was not indeed so great as we expected, for a few ptarmigans and a golden plover were all that we killed; but we had the satisfaction of finding, that much more may be done, for we saw no less than thirteen deer in one herd, and a musk-ox was also seen for the first time this season; but what is still more interesting, we found that this island had been inhabited at some period or other: for we found the remains of six Eskimaux huts, at the distance of two hundred and fifty, or three hundred yards from the beach, on a stony eminence on the south-east side of the valley. They resembled, in every respect, the ruins that we met with, and were described on the 28th of last August, as also the Eskimaux huts that we saw the year before in Baffin's Bay; being composed of rough stones, and of a rude oblong figure, about eight feet long, and five or six feet broad, besides a place about two feet square, at the end of each, which I have been told, is the place where the Eskimaux keep their provisions. Detached from the huts, we found a square place between two and three feet each way, which we supposed to have been the cooking place of the whole party. At a

* It is their fire-place.

little distance from this there was another rectangular place, the use of which we could form no idea of; it was about three feet long and one foot broad, and filled to the depth of six or seven inches with ptarmigan's dung. How long it is since these huts were inhabited, it is impossible to say, but it must have been many years ago, for the flags with which they were paved were covered with moss, and the exposed sides of the stones that composed the walls were all covered with lichen. But whatever the length of time may be since they were inhabited, it is probable that those who did inhabit them were not strangers to this coast, for they certainly chose the most eligible spot for game that we have seen in this country. The geographical site of these huts was nearly as follows, viz. lat. 75° 2' 37" N., and longitude, by chronometer, 48° 48' west of Winter Harbour."

In three days after, the party returned in safety to the ships, having performed a journey of 180 miles, and been absent about fifteen days. At Winter Harbour during this period a surprising change had taken place; for, says Mr. Fisher—

"Those parts that were covered with snow when we went away, are now abounding with plants of various kinds, beginning to blossom; in fact, the aspect of the country is so much changed, that, were we not so thoroughly acquainted with every place in this neighbourhood, we should hardly recognise some parts of it again."

On the 30th of June the only man lost in the expedition died—his name was William Scott, boatswain's mate: he was suitably interred.

The shooting parties furnish very entertaining accounts; but our space is run, and we can only add, that, the getting out of harbour, the dramatic scenes, the visit to the Eskimaux on the voyage home, the map, the wood engravings, and all the other parts and appurtenances of this volume, which we thus summarily notice, will be found worthy of the attention of a public, much indebted to Mr. Fisher for his reasonable contribution to the general gratification.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The plan of this Society, instituted under the patronage, and endowed by the munificence of his Majesty for the promotion of general literature, is now matured; and we have much satisfaction in laying the outline before our readers. It is to consist of a president, vice-presidents, and council; fellows, associates, and honorary members; and the following brief outline is given of its origin and endowment.

"An accidental conversation which took place in October, 1820, on the advantages which might be expected from the institution of a Society of Literature, somewhat resembling the French Academy of Belles Lettres, having been communicated to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and by him to the King; and his Majesty having expressed

his approbation of the proposal, a general outline of the Institution was by the royal command submitted to His Majesty's perusal. On the 2nd of November, the person, who in conversation suggested the proposal, received His Majesty's commands to attend His Majesty at Carlton House, for the purpose of digesting the best mode of giving effect to the undertaking; and was entrusted by His Majesty with full liberty to arrange the plan of the Society. The Institution having, in its origin, no connexion with politics, or party of any kind, no applications were made to His Majesty's ministers for their countenance and support, though its origin and progress were respectfully communicated to the Secretary for the Home Department.

Learning is, by principle, comprehensive and liberal in its views; and though the higher branches of literature have a natural connexion with peace, loyalty, and established order; yet, as the founder and patron of this Society, the King presents himself to his people, singly, as the friend of letters, as an example of munificence, and the promoter of what has been long wanting to the literary credit of the country.

His Majesty having been pleased to express, in the most favourable terms, his royal approbation of this Society; and having honoured it with his munificent patronage, by assigning the annual sum of one hundred guineas each, for ten associates, payable out of the privy purse; and also an annual premium of one hundred guineas for the best dissertation on some interesting subject, to be chosen by the council of the Society:—

The following regulations have been adopted as the basis of its proceedings.

Objects of the Society.

The objects of the Society are, to unite and extend the general interests of literature; to reward literary merit by patronage; to excite literary talent by premiums; and to promote literary education by bestowing exhibitions at the universities and public schools, in cases of distinguished desert.

Constitution of the Society.

1. The fellows constitute the principal body of the Society, and contribute to its support by subscriptions and benefactions. Every person elected a fellow of this Society, shall pay annually the sum of two guineas, or more, at their option, or a proportional composition in lieu of the annual payments; and no person can be proposed for election unless on the recommendation of at least three fellows.

2. The Associates form that portion of the Society to which its patronage is directed; they are to consist of Two classes, viz. associates under patronage, whether of the King, or of the Society; and honorary associates; from which latter class the associates under patronage will chiefly be elected.

The class of associates under patronage, is to consist of persons of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character, ten on the royal endowment, of whom shall be natives of the United Kingdom, and Foreigners; and an unlimited num-

ber on the funds of the Society, as soon and in proportion as the amount funded shall be sufficient for the purpose: the whole number both on the royal endowment, and on the funds of the Society, to be appointed by the council of the Society.

Authors desirous of becoming associates, shall send a specification of their works; which being approved by the council of the society, they will be eligible to the class of honorary associates; to which class no person shall be elected, but on the recommendation of at least three Fellows of the Society.

Every associate under patronage shall, at his admission, choose some subject, or subjects of literature, upon which he will engage to communicate within the year a paper or papers for the society's Memoirs of Literature; of which memoirs a volume will be published by the society from time to time.

3. The honorary members shall be such persons as are entitled to public respect on account of their literary characters, and are to consist of professors of literature in the several universities of the United Kingdom; head masters of the great schools of royal foundation, and other great schools; eminent literary men in the United Kingdom; distinguished female writers; and also foreigners celebrated for literary attainments.

Subscriptions and Benefactions.

1. An annual subscription of ten guineas continued for five years, and engaged to be continued at least five years more; or, a benefaction of one hundred guineas, will entitle such subscribers and benefactors to privileges hereafter to be declared, according to the date of their subscription. The same privileges to be extended to all other subscribers, or benefactors, when their respective subscriptions, or benefactions, shall collectively amount to one hundred guineas.

2. Honorary members may become subscribers or benefactors; and, in order that every member of the society may have an opportunity of contributing to its support, the associates, of both classes, will be at liberty to subscribe one guinea per annum. Voluntary subscriptions or benefactions from ladies or other persons, not desirous of becoming members of the society, shall be received, and a list of such contributors shall be inserted in the Society's Memoirs.

From the month of November to July, both inclusive, with the exception of the weeks of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, it is proposed, that a weekly meeting of the society shall be held on every Thursday, at two o'clock.

The detailed laws will of course settle more minute particulars and regulations. At present a provisional council is engaged on framing these, and conducting the other affairs of this truly royal endowment. The ten royal associates have been already proposed, two joint secretaries named, and, in fine, the whole is in train to receive the augmentation and support anticipated from the nation. The subscription, even before the plan has been generally promulgated, amounts to a very considerable sum, and includes many illustrious names for rank and literature.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Our remarks on the exhibition in this Number must be of a miscellaneous nature: indeed it is not our intention to travel systematically through the thousand and one subjects of this immense Gallery. We shall just point our finger as the fancy prompts. In a general way, we may state that Stewardson, (whom we omitted from his rank in our last,) has some excellent family and individual portraits; that Mrs. Anley has a remarkable picture, for a female artist, and having parts of uncommon vigor. viz. 229. Satan borne back after having been wounded by the Arch-angel Michael: that Brigg's Romeo and Juliet, 252, is one of the best things he has exhibited for years: that Bone's enamels have their usual attraction of finish and immortal durability: that Muss is no way inferior to his former productions: that Ferriere is as deceptive as ever, and has especially an admirable drawing, in which the bust of a lady is introduced; that A. Robertson has some fine miniatures, including one of Achdeacon Coxe, and that W. H. Watts treads, *pari passu*, with him in this pleasing line of art: that the architectural drawings are of a high order—982, a Gothic Church and Spire, by a young artist, G. Ward, deserves notice; and the splendid designs of Mr. Soane demand admiration: but there are too many excellent things in this room to praise individuals, without seeming partiality. To the sculpture room we shall turn more at large hereafter.

No. 33. *Death of Archbishop Sharp, on Magnus Moor, 1679.*—W. Allan.

There has been nothing since the energetic pencil of Opie, that has exhibited a more terrific picture of cruelty than has been given by this artist. The Death of David Rizzio, and that of James of Scotland, by the former, however terrible the subjects, had less of that detail which marks the cool and deliberate action apparent in these fanatics, when performing what they called "the work of the Lord." To be able to resist the frantic despair which is here so well characterized by the pallid hue and distracted gestures of his daughter, would belong only to the blind fury of religious zeal; or, more properly speaking, of barbarous fanaticism. In viewing this performance, we are hurried along by an impulse which will not permit us to examine till some time after the highly wrought execution which has influenced our passions, and displayed those of the actors in this dreadful tragedy. Perhaps it is no feigned emotion, in bearing testimony to the skill of the artist, to say, in the language of Shakespeare, "Look on't again I dare not."

No. 34. *Portrait of a Lady in the Character of Una.*—Sir W. Beechey, R.A.

This oft-repeated subject is treated with great advantage in the portrait before us, and is in a style of simplicity well suited to the quiet of the poet's description.

No. 35. *Painted from a Sketch during a Storm off the Cape of Good Hope.*—Capt. Hastings.

This sea-piece, though without a title; is,

however, entitled to our admiration. It is one of those effects that appear but for an instant, and for which, in his landscapes, the pencil of Rubens was so happily distinguished. The colouring is a little too cold; but with some warm glazing, the picture would resemble, and indeed equal, some of the best works of Monamy.

No. 180. *Portrait of the Lady Louisa Lambton.*—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.

One of the most delightful specimens of grace and simplicity we have ever seen, and among the happiest efforts of Sir T. Lawrence's pencil. No. 208, The Viscountess Polington and Child, is of another character, in its composition and treatment resembling an historical subject; and we have only to imagine the beautiful model of infancy, a being of times past, who has been distinguished by heroic exploits, and the picture will belong to the class of history. Nor are the arrangements and accessories of several of Mr. Shee's portraits less characteristic of this species of composition.

No. 107. *View on the Banks of the Greta.*—Sir G. Beaumont.

The name of Sir G. Beaumont is a guarantee for the excellence of his productions; nor can any eulogium of ours add to the lustre of his performance. They may occasionally elicit a remark of the happy combinations of his talents, in adopting the styles of the most esteemed masters, but more especially that of Wilson; though in the view now under consideration, there is something of Turcarelli, and no two can unite better.

In No. 92, another honorary exhibitor, who has only favoured us with the initials C. M. J. to a landscape composition, does great credit to the subject, by a truth and simplicity seldom attained even by long practice.

No. 77. *Bed-Time.*—H. Thomson, R. A. We have no intention to pun, when we say this picture of Mr. Thomson's is full of repose: it is, in fact, one of the quiet and domestic scenes that fill the mind with those ideas that belong to the careful comforts which the state of infancy brings, along with the hopes and enjoyments that attend them. As a composition, and a work of art, it does equal credit to the talents of the artist.

ANTIQUARY ACADEMY.

No. 484. *Branch of White Currants, from nature.*—T. Baxter.—This is a subject upon which we must pause; and, although what we have to say is somewhat of a personal kind, we trust the occasion will justify our critical aberration. The drawings are placed much too low to be seen with advantage; but the head of the artist is still lower—the grave converses him, and his labours are at an end. While flattering himself with the hopes of recovering from an illness with which he was attacked, he was suddenly cut off in the prime of his days. As a painter of flowers and still life, Mr. Baxter has seldom been excelled, and never in the expertness of his execution. His drawings of the Portland Vase have, we think, scarce their parallel, nor are his fruit pieces less attractive. Of the drawing before us, the late J. R. Smith (well known for

his portraits in crayons, and no less for his skill than his judgment said, before it was quite finished, that if Michael Angelo had thought proper to make a branch of curran's his subject, this was the style in which he would have treated it. On Mr. Baxter's removal from Swansea to Worcester, where he died, several of the inhabitants of the former place, regrettingly mentioned it to the Rev. Mr. Mavor, who was the kind and partial admirer of his talents; this gentleman's reply was, in the words of Anaxagoras: "If you wanted a lamp you should have been careful to supply it with oil."

Nos. 475, 489, 490, 492, 493, 500, 535, *H. Edridge*.—In the talents of this artist, now no more, the academy found a constant and most able contributor. His drawings possessed a style peculiar to himself. It was long before he ventured from light and shade into the practice of colouring, which ultimately became as attractive for force and brilliancy, as his former productions were for their grace and simplicity. To the diligence and ardour with which he pursued his profession, the number and variety of his works sufficiently testify.

WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

Having observed that in this exhibition, there was a lack of familiar subjects, we take leave to add, that it was only in proportion to the prevalent mass of landscape. We miss, indeed, the pencil of Richter; but there are several interesting varieties in domestic life, as well as flowers and fruit. In the former, Mr. Cristall stands conspicuous; and in the latter, Miss Byrne, and Mrs. T. H. Fielding. There are also several interiors by Pugin, Wild, and Prout.

Nos. 119 and 128, (*J. Cristall*), are two subjects from the Parish Register of Crahe; Phoebe Dawson, in the bloom and sprightliness of youth, and the same character in the misery of want and wretchedness; the contrast is striking and impressive in the artist as well as in the poet; and we think him particularly happy in the affliction expressed by No. 128.—No. 69, *Scotch Travellers*, resting near Ben More. Bredalbane, by the same, is a picturesque and interesting group. The rest of Mr. Cristall's familiar subjects are in a similar style, which partakes more of the sober modesty of nature, than of that brilliant assemblage of colours which distinguishes many cotemporary performances, and which without something of a corrective may degenerate into the flaunting gaiety of the paper stainer. The errors, however, in this artist's style, are on the other side: by covering his lights too much, he gives a heaviness rather than a finish; and there is sometimes a want of air tint or keeping in his back grounds.

No. 26, *View of Paris*, taken from the Quai de Louvre. *A. Pugin*. One of those scenes which, like certain portraits of persons whom we do not know, carries a conviction of resemblance. Here however we can vouch for the accuracy of the likeness. It partakes something of the old school, and reminds us of P. Sandby's fac simile representations, in which no abstract quality or

extraordinary effect is attempted, because the subject did not seem to require it.

No. 15, Evening. *G. Barret*. We have, in our last Gazette, noticed the View of Medenham on Thames, by this artist, as a fair specimen of his style; but we have also to say, that we have never seen him under more various or improved advantages than in the present work: he is often unlike himself, but alike pleasing in all. The subject under consideration, appears to us to be a composition, on which is shed that truth of effect which is seen when the orb of day, and that of night, appear to hold an equal empire.

In the neighbourhood of this drawing, is the *Twilight, of Roxas*, No. 5, which seems to carry on the effect, and drops at once into that uncertain and magic light, which, while it hastens the traveller, often retains the steps of the artist, to contemplate its retiring and tranquil tints.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day: Now spurs the latest traveller apace, To gain the timely inn.

The means employed in this drawing are of no ordinary kind; and when (as it sometimes has happened) we have been led to look at the mechanical processes employed in drawing, as unfavourable to the progress of art or the truth of representation, it has only been when they were employed as a substitute for higher qualities, and that too without accomplishing their end. Whoever sees this drawing of Mr. Robson, however, must, on the contrary, be well apprised of the excellence of any means that would be resorted to, to produce so extraordinary an effect.

No. 108, *Salisbury Plain*. *W. Turner*.—The effect under which this scene is represented is powerful and striking: to the dreary monotony of the subject a gleam of light is sent, which serves to contrast the dark and impending clouds, makes them more visible, and heightens the horrors of the prospect. It is skilfully managed, and is another instance of this artist's mastery of his means.

No. 136, *Scene in the wilds of Denbighshire*, near Guytherin, the burial place of St. Winifred. *Copley Fielding*. Is another of those singular and dreary wastes, over which the eye wanders with a distressed feeling, and which the traveller contemplates with a mixture of awe and dread, forcing the memory back to the "thoughts of home," and the blessings of social life. The skill with which the artist has clothed this wild, naturally suggests such images to the mind, and is a very eminent proof of his talents.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The admirers of our great British painter, have had a delightful treat within the last few days, in the exhibition at Mr. Christie's of the paintings belonging to the late Lady Thomond, by this celebrated master. The sale of such a collection is an epoch in the arts; and we are sorry that our own information did not enable us to announce it till at least one half of the means of enjoyment is beyond the reach of those to whom this

* The first day's sale took place yesterday: the second and last, is advertised for this day.—Ed.

notice may be news. The noble series of the *Virtues*, painted for the splendid window at Oxford, one of the Snakes in the Grass, the fine picture of the Death of Dido, the Ugo liuo portrait, known by the name of Resignation, and a multitude of other pieces, both fancy and portrait, were to be found in the superb list possessed by the Thomond family, and now separated for ever. It might be said, that this opportunity was a farewell look of many of Sir Joshua's most celebrated productions; and having been highly gratified with it ourselves, we can now only intimate to our friends, that there is yet time to-day to see a portion of these charming pictures.

SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

Was open for the last time this season on Monday last. We have nothing to remark on this subject, but to repeat the general sentiment of British Artists, that they consider this munificent exhibition of their works to be one of the most beneficial and honourable that could be devised by a friendly, and executed by a liberal mind. Indeed it must wonderfully promote the highest interests of our Native School; for if merit exists, it is here sure of being advanced to the best order of attention.

COSMORAMA.

Among the spectacles of the day we have to mention one under the above name in St. James' Street. It is absurdly announced as being under the patronage of the Cosmopolite Society, of which all that need be observed is, *de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*. But foolish as this device to catch Monsieur Jean Bull is, we can assure him that the exhibition is a pretty thing for young persons. It consists of views of Switzerland, Rome, Gibraltar, &c. seen through a magnifying glass of such considerable power as to give the subjects a panoramic effect. We beg, however, to be distinctly understood in our report, as not ranking this design among works of art—it is merely an enlarged and improved edition of the peep-show, and in that way well calculated to afford correct ideas of the scenes represented. Such sights have been for some time common in Paris, where to Panoramas they have added Cosmoramas, Pansteroramas, Diaphanoramas, and finally, Dioramas, which last description, as the name indicates, is in the light of day, and not only presents the finest monuments of art, but the effects of storms and tempests, &c. The present is the first thing of the kind in London.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—His Majesty was at this Theatre on Tuesday night. The opera of *La Clemenza di Tito*, and the ballet of *La Paysanne Supposée*, were finely performed. The reception of the Sovereign was ardent, and the national anthem thrice given with great applause.

DRURY LANE.—Her Majesty unexpectedly appeared at Drury Lane Theatre on Mon-

day evening. She was attended by Lord and Lady Hood, and a youth supposed to be Master Austria. On being recognized, there was loud applause, and this was continued so vehemently, as to render the first two acts of *Marino Faliero* quite inaudible. At length Mr. Elliston appeared, and desired to know the wishes of the audience, which were not clearly expressed, but seemed to be satisfied by an assurance, that on the arrival of the singers the "National Anthem" should be performed. After the play, God save the King was accordingly given, by the vocal strength of the company, among whom we recognized, in full costume, the Doge of Venice, over whose neck we had a moment before beheld the sword of the executioner. Her Majesty saluted the audience, and retired after the first scene of *Giovanni* in London, the afterpiece.

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Dance has tried her powers in another line, by playing the part of Lady Townly. It is enough to say, that she has not filled the void in genteel comedy which is so strongly felt by the amateurs of the drama. Indeed, her deficiencies were rendered unusually obvious in the character: her walk partook of the ludicrous, and the whole performance was *infra dig*. Charles Kemble's Lord Townly is a *chef d'œuvre*, and the other parts were sustained in a manner worthy of the London stage; only we would advise Emery that there are actions too vulgar even for the upper gallery.

The fine play of the *Tempest* was produced on Tuesday. The *Prospero* of Macready was at once chaste and energetic. In song—for Covent Garden is so fond of music that we expect it will, by and by, have a duet between Hamlet and his Mother in the closet scene—Miss Stephens and Miss Hallandé charmed the ears of the House, which being architectural, must be Ionic ears; and Miss Foote was Ariel, and Farren Stephano, and Blanchard Trinculo, and Emery Caliban. The whole was a rational and pleasing entertainment, though criticism backs out of a theme so hacknied. The new scenery was very fine.

VARIETIES.

Paper Roofs.—A manufactory of paper from straw, has been established at Okanion, near Warsaw, the success of which is expected to reduce the price of paper. This manufactory will be confined, for the present, to pasteboard and thick paper. The proprietor, Mr. Asili Henrick, intends to prepare, according to an invention of his own, a kind of paper, fit for roofs, which is to be water and fire proof.

A BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

16. Incipient palpitations towards the young ladies.
17. Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.
18. Confidence in conversing with them, much increased.
19. Angry if treated by them as a boy.
20. Very conscious of his own charms and manliness.

21. A looking glass indispensable in his room, to admire himself.
22. Insufferable puppyism.
23. Thinks no women good enough for him.
24. Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.
25. The connection broken off, from self-conceit on his part.
26. Conducts himself with much superiority towards her.
27. Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.
28. Mortified and frantic at being refused.
29. Rails against the fair sex in general.
30. Morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony.
31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.
32. Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
33. Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.
34. Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.
35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen.
36. Au dernier desespoir another refusal.
37. Indulges in every kind of dissipation.
38. Shuns the best part of the female sex.
39. Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.
40. A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no spring shoots.
41. A nice young widow perplexes him.
42. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.
43. Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.
44. The widow jilts him, being as cautious as himself.
45. Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.
46. Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.
47. Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.
48. Thinks living alone quite irksome.
49. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.
50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.
51. Much pleased with his new housekeeper as nurse.
52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.
53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.
54. Is in great distress how to act.
55. Completely under her influence, and very miserable.
56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her.
57. She refuses to live any longer with him solo.
58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious, to excess.
59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.
60. Grows rapidly worse, and his will made in her favour, and makes his exit.

Original Anecdote.—Soon after the Sea Serpent made its appearance in our waters, a Hibernian falling in with a party who were conversing about the animal, was rather more incredulous than his fellows, "for," said he, "if the creature be as large as they

say it is, how could Noah find room for it in the ark?"—(U. S. Paper.)

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY. 1821.

Thursday, 10.—Thermometer from 44 to 60.
Barometer from 30, 21 to 30, 13.
Friday, 11.—Thermometer from 42 to 63.
Barometer from 30, 02 to 29, 92.
Saturday, 12.—Thermometer from 42 to 60.
Barometer from 29, 84 to 29, 65.
Sunday, 13.—Thermometer from 37 to 59.
Barometer from 29, 34 to 29, 31.
Monday, 14.—Thermometer from 36 to 56.
Barometer from 29, 32 to 29, 34.
Tuesday, 15.—Thermometer from 39 to 50.
Barometer from 29, 15 to 29, 34.
Wednesday, 16.—Thermometer from 36 to 60.
Barometer from 29, 67 to 29, 90.
Rain fallen during the week, 45 of an inch.
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to hear from Jacques, on other subjects.

The accidental derangement of a mass of papers, at the time we usually devote to Correspondents, must plead our apology till next week, to warty with whom we intend to communicate, both privately and publicly.

ERRATUM.—We were right in our suspicion, that the lines ascribed to Sir W. Scott in our last, had been published. They occur in Guy Mannering, and are sung by Meg Merdles, at the birth of Harry Bertram, with the following alterations: for "ever," line 1, read *own*: 1. 4, for "Weave" read *In*.

The last two lines in the 3d verse are—

Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,

In the magic dance appear:

and there is a fourth stanza—

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,

Whirling with the whirling spindle;

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,

Mingle human bliss and woe.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE Gallery will be opened on Monday next, the 21st instant, with a Collection of the Works of the ancient Masters.

Mr. WEST's Picture of "Christ healing the Sick," will also be placed in the Gallery, with a Proof, to show the advanced state of the Plate, and which Mr. Heath has assured the Directors shall be completed before the 1st of July next.

(By order) JOHN VOORDE, Keeper.

Egyptian Tomb.

THE Exhibition of the EGYPTIAN TOMB is Now Open, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. In consequence of the apoplexy incurred in the erection of the Tomb, the price of admission will be 2s. 6d. till the first of June.

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